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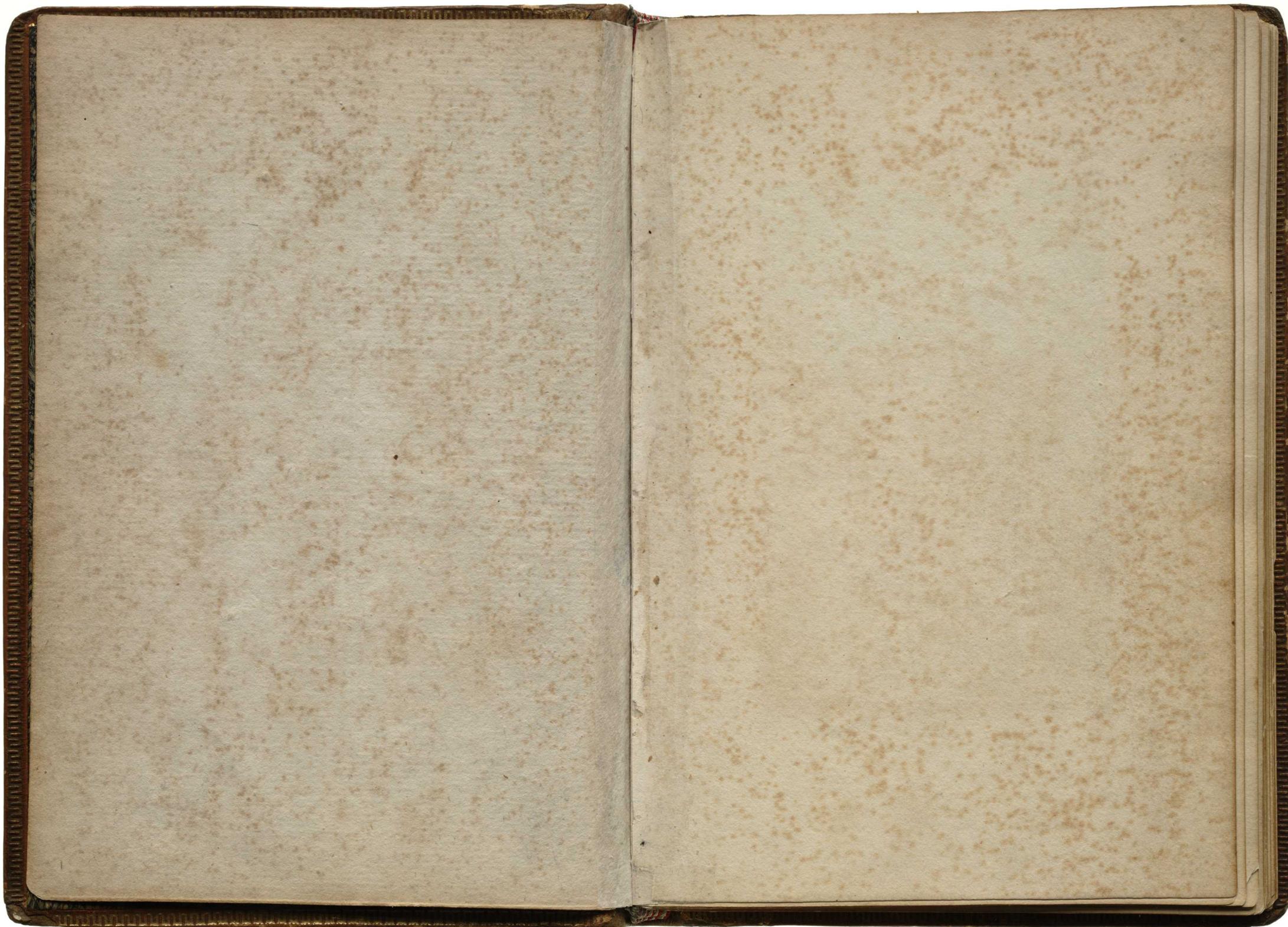


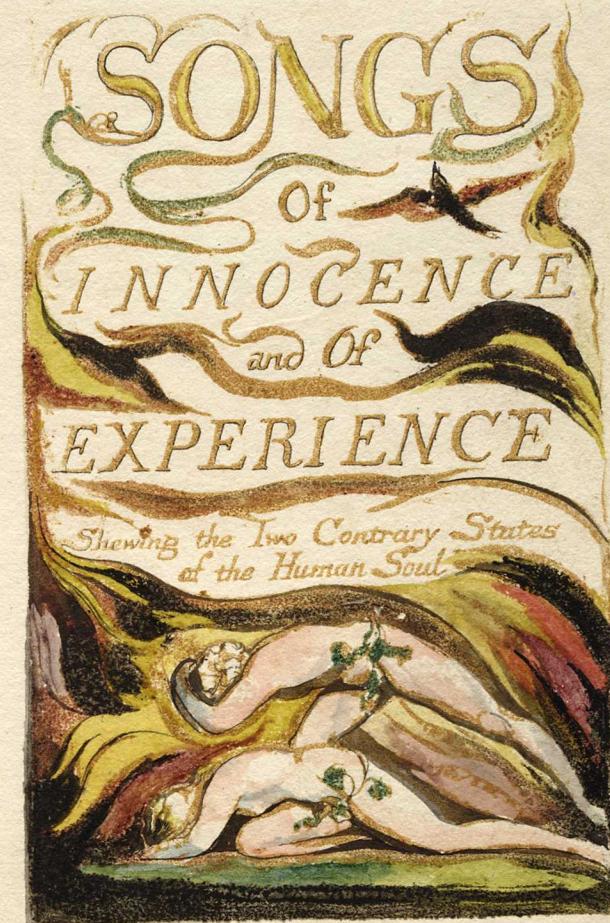
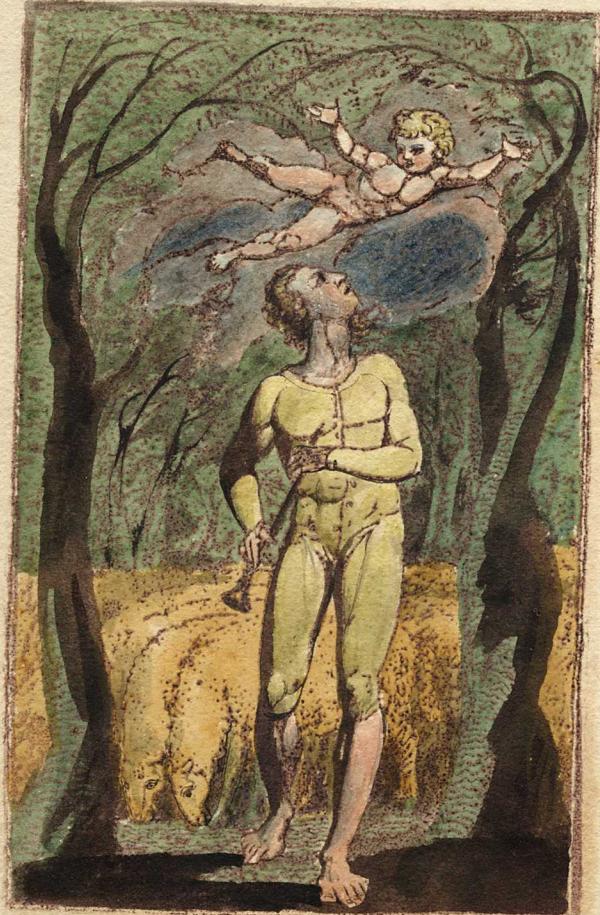
Songs of innocence and of experience,
shewing the two contrary states of the human soul
William Blake | London, 1794

SONGS
OF
INNOCENCE

William E. Morris • Wm.
Park Lodge, London

THE GIFT OF
LESSING J. ROSENWALD
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The Author & Painter W Blake

Introduction

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me,
Pipe a song about a Lamb.
So I piped with merry cheer,
Piper pipe that song again,
So I piped, he wept to hear
Drop thy pipe thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer,
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear
Piper sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read,
So he taugh't from my sight,
And I pluck'd a hollow reed
And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs,
Every child may joy to hear

Infant Joy



I have no name
I am but two days old.—
What shall I call thee?
I happy am
Joy is my name—
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy!
Sweet joy but two days old.
Sweet joy I call thee;
Thou dost smile.
I sing the while
Sweet joy befall thee.

The Shepherd

How sweet is the Shepherds sweet lot,
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

For he hears the lambs innocent call,
And he hears the ewes tender reply,
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their Shepherd is nigh.



A CRADLE SONG

Sweet dreams form a shade
O'er my lovely infants head
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
By happy silent moony beams

Sweet sleep with soft down
Weave thy brows an infant crown
Sweet sleep Angel mild
Hover o'er my happy child

Sweet smiles in the night
Hover over my delight
Sweet smiles Mothers smiles
All the livelong night beguiles

Sweet moans dovelike sighs
Chase not slumber from thy eyes
Sweet moans sweeter smiles
All the dovelike moans beguiles

Sleep sleep happy child
All creation slept and smil'd
Sleep sleep happy sleep
While o'er thee thy mother weep

Sweet babe in thy face
Holy image I can trace
Sweet babe once like thee
Thy maker lay and wept for me

Wept



Wept for me for thee for all.
When he was an infant small.
Thou his image ever sate.
Heavenly face that smiles on thee.
Smiles on thee on me on all.
Who became an infant small.
Infant smiles are his own smiles.
The Heavenly earth to peace beguiles.

The Lamb

Little Lamb who made thee
Dost thou know who made thee
Gave thee life & bid thee feed
By the stream & o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing wooly bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice;
Little Lamb who made thee
Dost thou know who made thee

Little Lamb I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb I'll tell thee;
He is called by thy name,
For he calleth himself a Lamb;
He is meek & he is mild,
He became a little child:
a child & thou a lamb.
We are called by his name,
Little Lamb God blest thee,
Little Lamb God blest thee

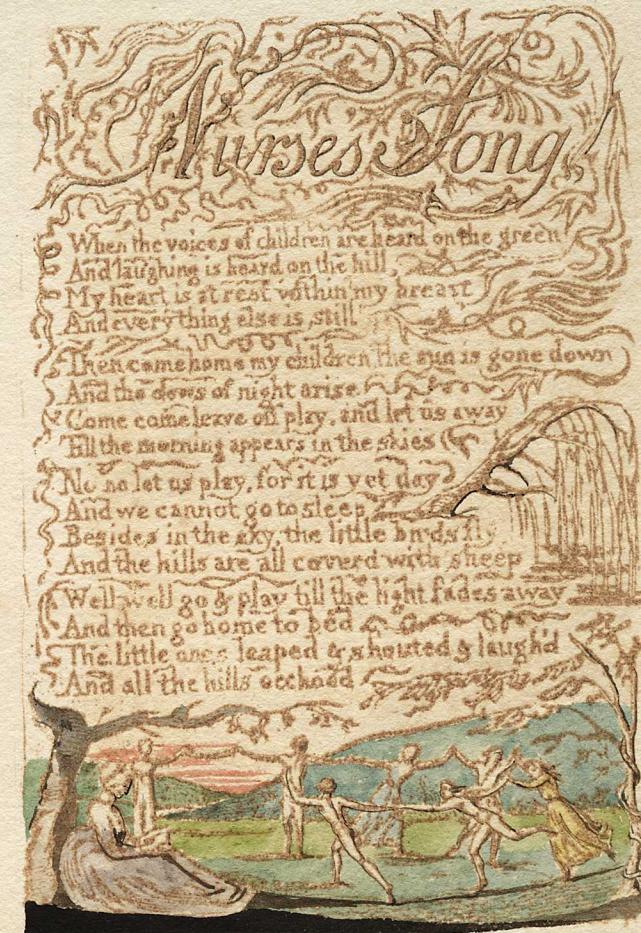




The Blossom.

Merry Merry Sparrow
Under leaves so green
A happy Blossom
Sees you swift as arrow
Seek your cradle narrow
Near my Bosom .

Pretty Pretty Robin
Under leaves so green
A happy Blossom
Hears you sobbing sobbing
Pretty Pretty Robin
Near my Bosom .

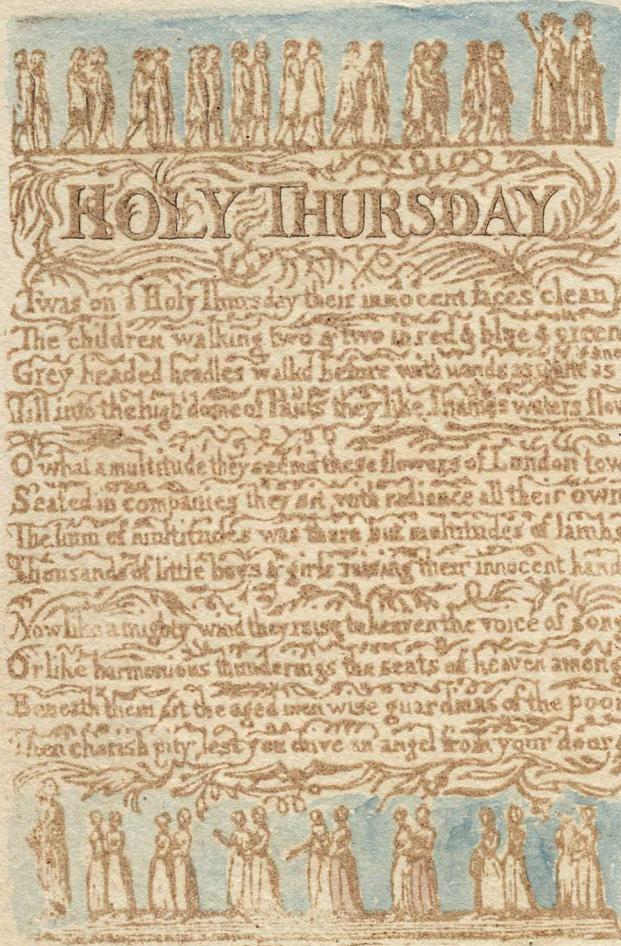


When the voices of children are heard on the green
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast
And everything else is still.

Then came home my children the sun is gone down
And the dews of night arise.
Come come leave off play, and let us away
Till the morning appears in the skies.

No no let us play, for it is yet day
And we cannot go to sleep.
Besides in the sky, the little birds fly
And the hills are all covered with sheep.

Well well go & play till the light fades away
And then go home to bed.
The little ones leaped & shouted & laugh'd
And all the hills echoed.



HOLY THURSDAY

I was on a Holy Thursday their faces clean
 The children walking two & two in red & blue & green
 Grey headed bairns walk before with wands as staves
 Till into the high dome of Pauls they like Thames waters flow
 O what a multitude they seem these flowers of London town
 Seated in companies they are, with radiance all their own
 The sum of multitudes was there but such a host of lambs
 Thousands of little boys & girls raising their innocent hands
 Now like a mighty wind they raise to heaven the voice of song
 Or like harmonious thunder as the seats of Heaven among
 Beneath them sit the aged meawise guardians of the poor
 Then church pity lest you drive an angel from your dear



They laugh at our play.
And soon they all say.
Such such were the joys.
When we all girls & boys.
In our youth time were men,
On the Lechoung Green.

Till the little ones weary
No more can be merry
The sun doth descend.
And our sports have an end:
Round the boughs of their mothers.
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest.
Are ready for rest;
And sport no more seen,
On the darkening Green.



On Another's Sorrow

Can I see another's woe.

And not he in sorrow too.

Can I see another's grief.

And not seek for kind relief.

Can I see a falling tear.

And not feel my sorrows share.

Can a father see his child.

Weep, nor be with sorrow fill'd.

Can a mother sit and hear.

An infant groan in infant fear.

No no never can it be.

Never never can it be.

And can he who smiles on all.

Hear the wren with sorrows small.

Hear the small birds grief & care.

Hear the woes that infants bear.

And not sit beside the nest.

Pouring woe in their breast.

And not sit the cradle near.

Weeping tear an infants tear.

And not sit both night & day.

Wiping all our tears away.

O no never can it be.

Never never can it be.

He doth give his joy to all.

He becomes an infant small.

He becomes a mas of woe.

He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh.

And thy maker is not by.

Think not thou canst weep a tear.

And thy maker is not near.

O he gives to us his joy.

But our grief he may destroy.

Till our grief is fled & gone.

He doth sit by us and moan.



Spring
Sound the Flute!
Now it's morn,
Birds delight
Day and Night.
Nightingale
In the dale
Lark in Sky
Merrily
Merrily Merrily to welcome in the Year
Little Boy
Full of joy.

Little Girl
Sweet and small.
Cock does crow
So do you.
Merry voice
Infant noise
Merrily Merrily to welcome in the Year.

Little Lamb
Here I am
Come and tick
My white neck.
Let me pull
Your soft Wool.
Let me kiss
Your soft face.
Year
Merrily Merrily we welcome in the



The School Boy

I love to rise in a summer morn,
When the birds sing on every tree;
The distant huntsman winds his horn,
And the sky-lark sings with me.
O! what sweet company.

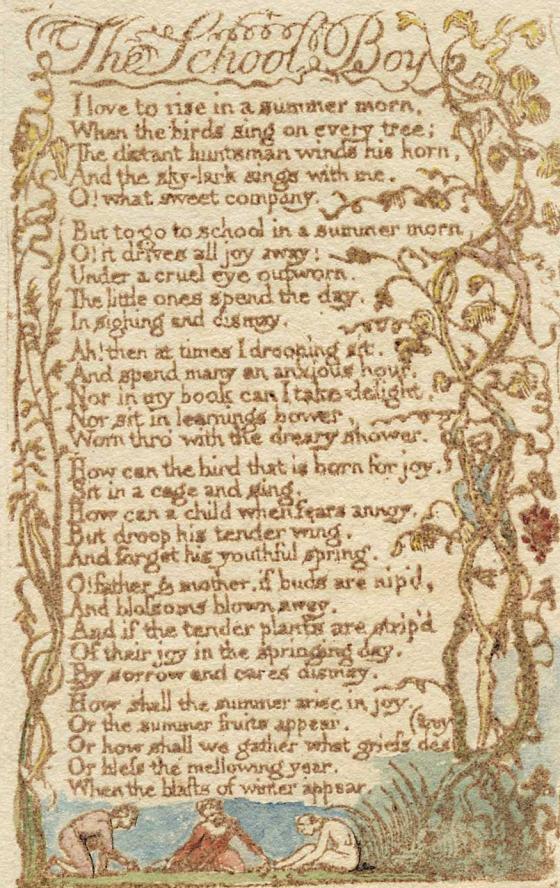
But to go to school in a summer morn,
O! it drives all joy away:
Under a cruel eye outworn,
The little ones spend the day
In sighing and dismay.

Ah! then at times I drooping sit,
And spend many an anxious hour,
Nor in my book can I take delight,
Nor sit in learning's bower,
Worn thro' with the dreary shower.

How can the bird that is born for joy,
Sit in a cage and sing,
How can a child when fears annoy,
But droop his tender wing,
And forget his youthful spring.

O! father & mother, if buds are nipp'd,
And blossoms blown away,
And if the tender plants are strip'd
Of their joy in the springing day,
By sorrow and cares dismay.

How shall the summer arise in joy,
Or the summer fruits appear,
Or how shall we gather what griefs des
Or blets the mellowing year,
When the blasts of winter appear.



The Divine Image.

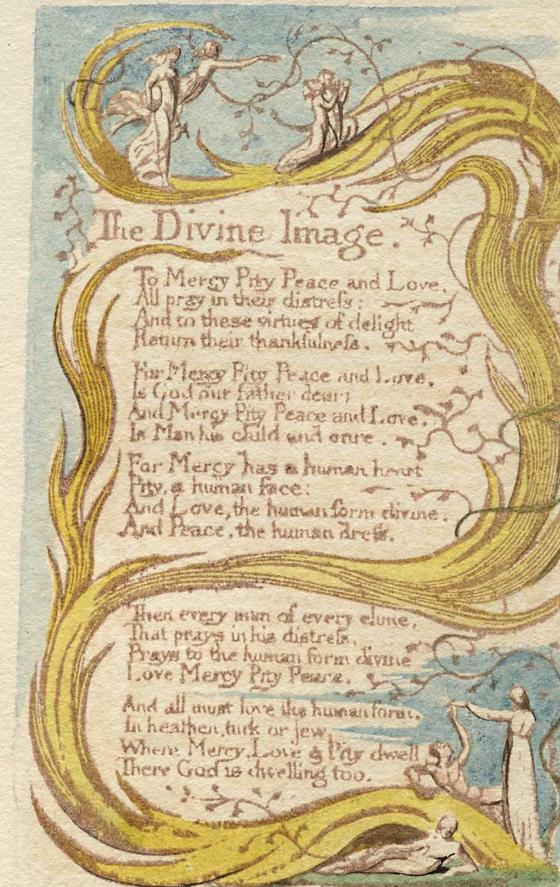
To Mercy Pity Peace and Love,
All pray in their distress:
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy Pity Peace and Love,
Is God our Father dear;
And Mercy Pity Peace and Love,
Is Man his child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity a human face:
And Love, the human form divine:
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine
Love Mercy Pity Peace.

And all must love the human form,
In heathen Turk or Jew,
Where Mercy Love & Pity dwell
There God is dwelling too.



The Chimney Sweeper

When my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry weep weep weep weep.
So your chimneys I sweep & in soot I sleep.

Theres little Tom Dacte who cried when his head
That cur'd like a lambs back, was shav'd, so I said:
Hush Tom never mind it, for when your heads bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair.

And so he was quiet & that very night
As Tom was a sleeping he had such a sight,
That thousands of sweepers Dick, Joe, Ned & Jack
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black.

And by came an Angel who had a bright key
And he open'd the coffins & set them all free.
Then down a green plain leaping laughing they run
And wash in a river and shine in the Sun.

Then naked & white all their bags left behind
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind
And the Angel told Tom if he'd be a good boy
He'd have God for his father & never want joy.

And so Tom awoke and we rose in the dark
And got with our bags & our brushes to work.
Tho' the morning was cold, Tom was happy & warm,
So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.



A Laughing Song

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by,
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it.

When the meadows laugh with lively green
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene,
When Mary and Susan and Emily,
With their sweet round mouths sing Ha Ha He.

When the painted birds laugh in the shade
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread
Come live & be merry and join with me,
To sing the sweet chorus of Ha Ha He.





The Little Black Boy

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but O! my soul is white.
White as an angel is the English child:
But I am black as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree
And sitting down before the heat of day.
She took me on her lap and kissed me,
And pointing to the east began to say,

Look on the rising sun: there God does live
And gives his light, and gives his heat every
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noon day.

And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love.
And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

For

For when our souls have leav'd the heat to bear
The cloud will vanish, we shall hear his voice.
Saying: come out from the grove thy love & care
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.

Thus did my mother say and kissed me,
And thus I say to little English boy.
When I from black and ho from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy:

I'll shade him from the heat till he can bear,
To lean in joy upon our fathers knee.
And then I'll stand and stroke his silverhair,
And be like him and he will then love me.



*The Voice of the
Ancient Bard.*

Youth of delight come hither,
And see the evening morn,
Image of truth new-born.
Doubt is fled & clouds of reason,
Dark disputes & artful teasing.
Folly is an endless maze,
Tangled roots perplex her ways,
How many have fallen there!
They stumble all night over bones of the dead;
And feel they know not what but care;
And wish to lead others when they should be led.



Night

The sun descending in the west,

The evening star does shine,

The birds are silent in their nest,

And I must seek for mine,

The moon like a flower,

In heaven's high bower;

With silent delight,

Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell green fields and happy groves,

Where flocks have took delight;

Where lambs have nibbled, silent scores

The feet of angels bright;

Unseen they pour blessing,

And joy without ceasing,

On each bird and bairn,

And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,

Where birds are coverd warm;

They visit caves of every beast

To keep them all from harm;

If they see any weeping,

That should have been sleeping,

They pour sleep on their head,

And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tygers howl for prey
They pitying stand and weep;
Seeking to drive their thirst away
And keep them from the sheep.
But if they rush dreadful,
The angels most heedful,
Receive each mild spirit.
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lions ruddy stand
Shall howl with tears of gold;
And pitying the tender cries
And walking round the fold:
Gang, wrath by his meynals
And by his heath, arcknes,
Is driven away.
Even our immortal day.

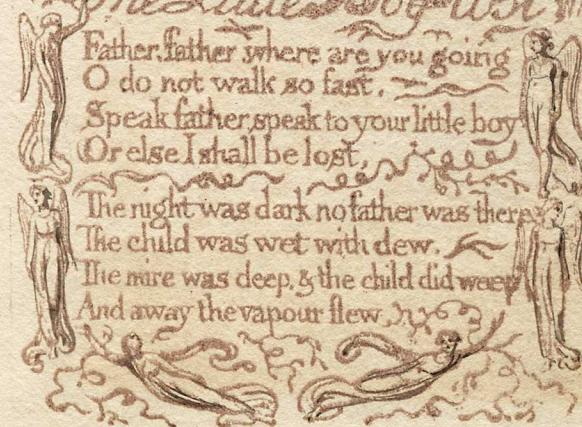
And now beside thee bleating lamb
I can lie down and sleep;
Or think on him who bore thy name.
Grass after thee and weep.
For washed in lifes river.
My bright mane for ever.
Shall shine like the gold.
As I guard oer this field.



The little boy lost

Father, father where are you going
O do not walk so fast.
Speak father, speak to your little boy
Or else I shall be lost.

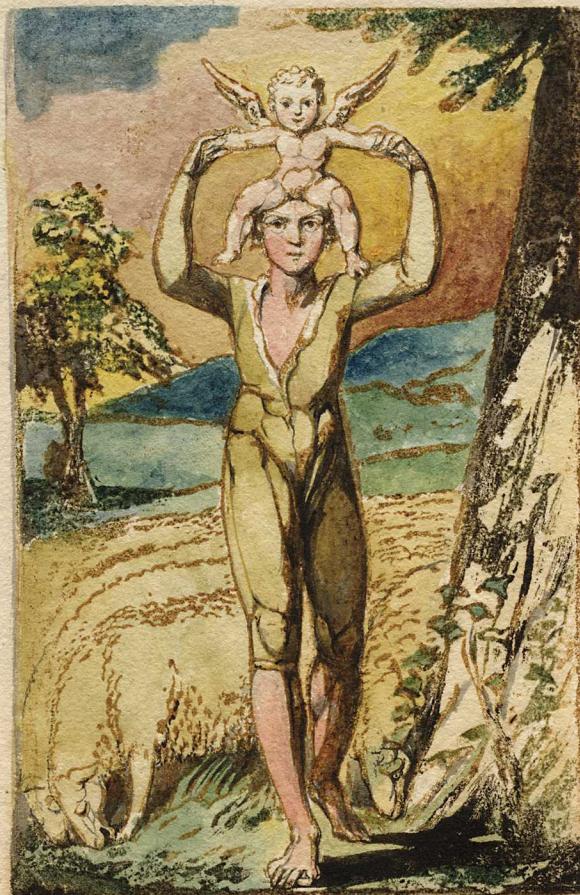
The night was dark no father was there
The child was wet with dew.
The mire was deep, & the child did weep
And away the vapour flew.





The Little Boy found

The little boy lost in the lonely fen,
Led by the wandering light,
Began to cry, but God ever nigh,
Appeard like his father in white.
He kissed the child & by the hand led
And to his mother brought,
Who in sorrow pale, thro the lonely dale
Her little boy weeping sought.



The Author & Printer W Blake

Introduction.

Hear the voice of the Bard!
Who Present, Past, & Future sees
Whose ears have heard,
The Holy Word,
That walk'd among the ancient trees.

Calling the lapsed Soul,
And weeping in the evening dew:
That might controul
The starry pole;
And fallen fallen light renew!

O Earth O Earth return!
Arise from out the dewy grass;
Night is worn.
And the morn
Rises from the slumberous mass.

Turn away no more:
Why wilt thou turn away
The starry floor
The watry shore
Is given thee till the break of day.



EARTH'S Answer.

Earth raised up her head,
From the darkness dread & drear.
Her light fled:
Stony dread!
And her locks coverid with grey despair.

Prisoner on watry shore
Sorriy Jealousy does keep my den
Cold and hoar
Weeping oer
I hear the father of the ancient man

Selish father of men
Cruel jealous selish fear
Can delight
Chain'd in night
The virgins of youth and morning bear.

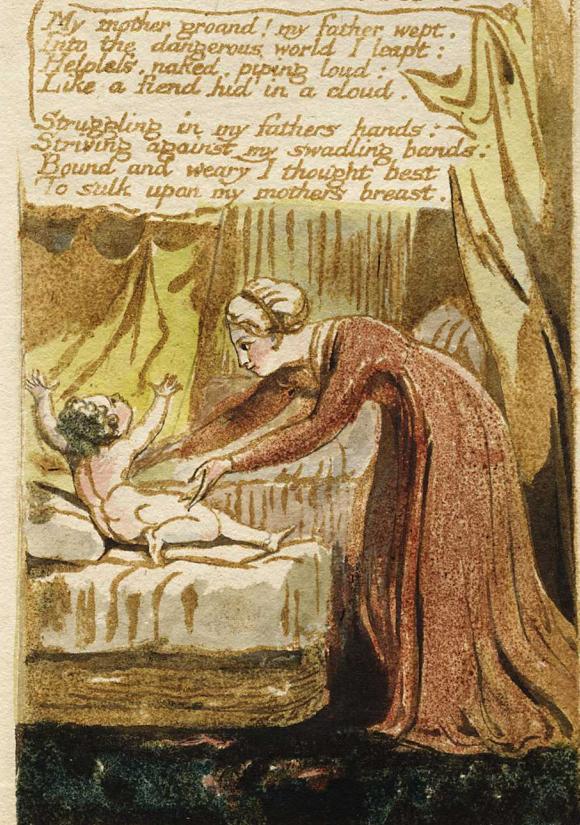
Does spring hide its joy
When buds and blossoms grow?
Does the sower
Sow by night?
Or the plowman in darkness plow?

Break this heavy chain.
That does freeze my bones around
Selish! vain!
Eternal bone!
That tree Love with bondage bound.

INFANT SORROW.

My mother groan'd! my father wept.
Into the dangerous world I leapt:
Helpless naked, piping loud:
Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

Struggling in my fathers hands:
Striving against my swaddling bands:
Bound and weary I thought best
To sink upon my mothers breast.



A Little GIRL Lost

Children of the future Age,
Reading this indignant page;
Know that in a former time,
Love, sweet Love, was thought a crime.

In the Age of Gold,
Free from winters cold;
Youth and maiden bright,
To the holy light.
Naked in the sunny beams delight.

Once a youthful pair
Fell with softest care,
Met in garden bright,
Where the holy light,
Had just removed the curtains of the night.

There in rising day,
On the pruds they play:
Parents were afar,
Strangers came not near;
And the maiden soon forgot her fear.

Tired with kisses sweet
They agree to meet,
When the silent sleep
Waves o'er heavens deep;
And the weary tired wanderers weep.

To her father white
Came the maiden bright;
But his loving look,
Like the holy book,
All the tenderer limbs with terror shock.

O'er pale and weak!
Is thy father speak?
O the trembling fear!
O the dismal fare!
That chokes the blossoms of my hoary

NURSES Song

When the voices of children are heard on the green
And whisperings are in the dale; 1800
The days of my youth rise fresh in my mind,
My face turns green and pale.

Then come home my children, the sun is gone down
And the dews of night arise
Your spring & your day, are wasted in play
And your winter and night in disguise.





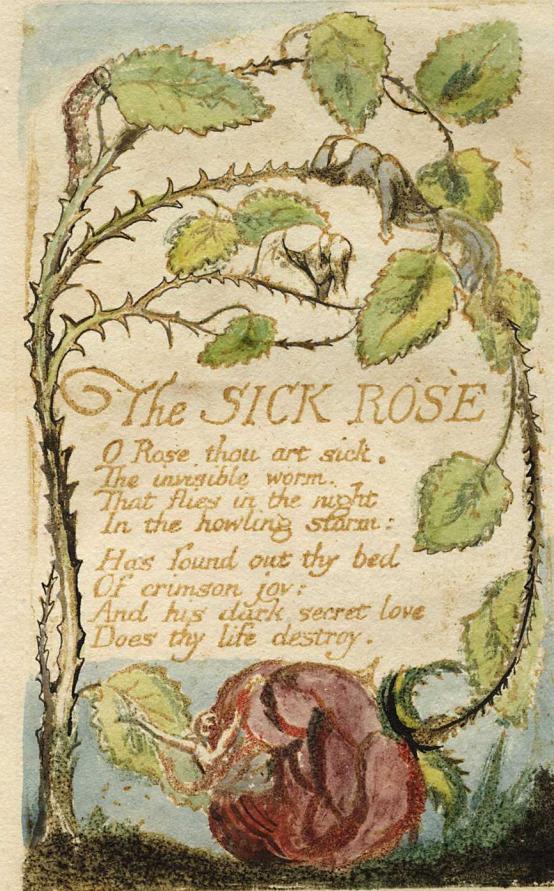
The Angel

I dreamt a Dream, what can it mean?
And that I was a maiden Queen:
Guarded by an Angel, mild;
Wittles woe, was never beguiled!

And I wept both night and day,
And he wip'd my tears away;
And I wept both day and night
And had from him my hearts delight.

So he took his wings and fled;
Then the morn blusht rosy red;
I dried my tears & count my fears,
With ten thousand shields and staves.

Soon my Angel came again;
I was arm'd, he came in vain;
For the time of youth was fled
And grey hours were on my head.



The SICK ROSE

O Rose thou art sick.
The invisible worm,
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm:
Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy;
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.



The GARDEN of LOVE

I went to the Garden of Love.
And saw what I never had seen:
A Chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,
And Thou shall not writ over the door;
So I turn'd to the Garden of Love,
That so many sweet flowers bore.

And I saw it was filled with graves,
And tomb-stones where flowers shold be;
And Priests in black gowns, were walking their
rounds.
And binding with briars, my joys & desires.



The Little Vagabond

Dear Mother, dear Mother the Church is cold,
But the Ale-house is healthy & pleasant & warm;
Besides I can tell where I am used well,
Such usages in heaven will never do well.

I'd at the Church they would give us some Ale,
And a pleasure for our souls to people;
We'd sing and we'd pray all the live-long day,
Nor ever once wish from the Church to stray.

There the Parson might preach & drink & sing,
And red be as happy as birds in the spring;
But modest dome Lurch, who is always at Church,
Would not have bawdy children nor Fosting nor birth,
And God like a father rejoicing to see,
His children as pleasant and happy as he;
It would have no more quarrel with the Devil or the Bear
But kill him & give him both drink and apparel.



The Human Abstract.

Pity would be no more,
If we did not make somebody Poor;
And Mercy no more could be,
If all were as happy as we;
And mutual fear brings peace;
Till the selfish loves increase.
Then Cruelty louts a snare
And spreads his baits with care.
He sits down with holy fears,
And watering the ground with tears:
Then Humanity takes its root
Underneath his foot.

Soon spreads the dismal shade
Of Mystery over his head;
And the Catterpillar and Fly
Feed on the Mystery.
And it bears the fruit of Deceit.
Ruddy and sweet to eat;
And the Raven his nest has made
In its thickest shade.

The Gods of the earth and sea,
Sought thro' Nature to find this Tree
But their search was all in vain:
There grows one in the Human Brain



Dream

Once a dream did weave a shade,
O'er my Angel-guarded bed,
That an Emmet lost its way
Where on grass methought I lay.

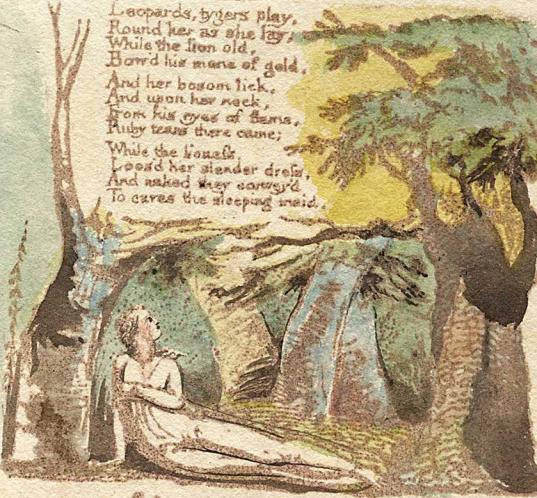
Troubled wilder'd and solorn
Dark benighted travel-worn,
Over many a tangled spray,
All heart-broke I heard her say,
O my children! do they cry,
Do they hear their father sigh,
Now they look abroad to see,
Now return and weep for me.

Pitying I drop'd a tear;
But I saw a glow-worm near:
Who replied. What wailing night
Calls the watchman of the night
I am set to light the ground,
While the beetle goes his round:
Follow now the beetles hum,
Little wanderer hie thee home.

The Little Girl Lost



Leopards, tigers play,
Round her as she lay,
While the sun old,
Bard his mane of gold,
And her bosom lick,
And upon her neck,
From his eyes of flame,
Ruby tears there came;
While the lions
Loud her slender dress,
And naked they carry'd
To eaves the sleeping maid.



The Little Girl Found



Lambs weeping weak
With hollow precious shriek.

Rising from unrest,
The trembling woman prest
With feet & weary woe;
She could no further go.
In his arms he bore.

Her arm'd with sorrow sore

Till before their way,
A cowering lion lay.

Turning back was vain,
Soon did he in mane.

Bore them to the ground;

Then he stalk'd around.

Smelling to his prey.

But their fears alay,

When he lookt their hands:

And silent by them stande.

They look upon his eyes

Fill'd with deep surprise:

And wondering beheld

A spirit sumpt in gold.

On his head a crown

On his shoulders down.

Flow'd his golden hair.

Gone was all their care.

Follow me he said,

Weep not for the maid:

In my palace deep,

Ye are asleep.

Then they follow'd.

Where the vision led,

And saw their sleeping child.

Among yesterdays

To this day they dwell

In a lousy dell.

Nor fear the wobish hand,

Nor the lions growl.



A Little BOY Lost

Nought loves another as itself
Nor venerates another so.
Nor is it possible to thought
A greater than it self to know!

And Father, how can I love you,
Or any of my brothers more?
I love you like the little bird
That picks up crumbs around the door.

The Priest sat by and heard the child
In trembling zeal he stixit his hear:
He led him by his little coat:
And all admird the Priestly care.

And standing on the altar high
Lo what a fiend is here said he:
One who sets reason up for judge
Of our most holy mystery.

The weeping child could not be heard,
The weeping parents wept in vain:
They stript him to his little shirt.
And bound him in an iron chain.

And barnd him in a holy place,
Where many had been burnd before:
The weeping parents wept in vain.
Are such things done on Albion's shore?

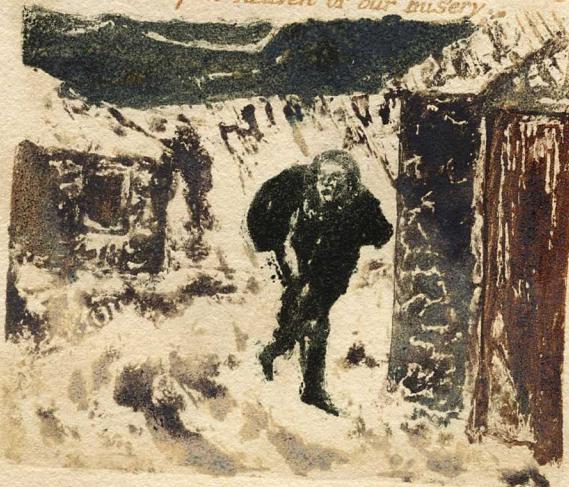


THE Chimney Sweeper

A little black thing among the snow;
Crying weep, weep, in notes of woe!
Where are thy father & mother, say?
They are both gone up to the church to pray.

Because I was happy upon the heath,
I d smild among the winters snow;
They clothed me in the clothes of death.
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

And because I am happy, & dunc & sing.
They think they have done me no injury;
And are gone to praise God & his Priest & King
Who make up a heaven of our misery.



THE FLY.

Little Fly If thought is life,
Fly, swimmers play, And strength & breath:
My thoughts & hard And the want
Has brush'd away. Of thought is death;

Am not I so Then am I
A fly like thee? A happy Fly,
Or art not thou If I live
A man like me? Or if I die?

For I dance
And drink & sing:
Till some blind hand
Shall brush my wing.



A POISON TREE.

I was angry with my friend ;
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe ;
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I watered it in fears,
Night & morning with my tears :
And I sunned it with smiles,
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,
Till it bore an apple bright.
And my foe beheld it shine,
And he knew that it was mine.

And into my garden stole,
When the night had veild the pole ;
In the morning glad I see :
My foe outstretched beneath the tree.



LONDON

I wander thro' each charter'd street,
Near where the charred Thame does flow
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,
In every Infants cry of fear,
In every voice : in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear

How the Chimney-sweepers cry
Every blackning Church appalls,
And the hapless Soldiers sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlots curse
Blasts the new born Infant year
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse



The Tyger.

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies,
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp,
Dare its deadly verrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears;
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?



My Pretty ROSE TREE

A flower was afford to me:
Such a flower as May never bore.
But I said, I've a Pretty Rose-tree.
And I passed the sweet flower o'er.

Then I went to my Pretty Rose-tree:
To tend her by day and by night.
But my Rose turn'd away with jealousy:
And her thorns were my only delight.



AH! SUN-FLOWER

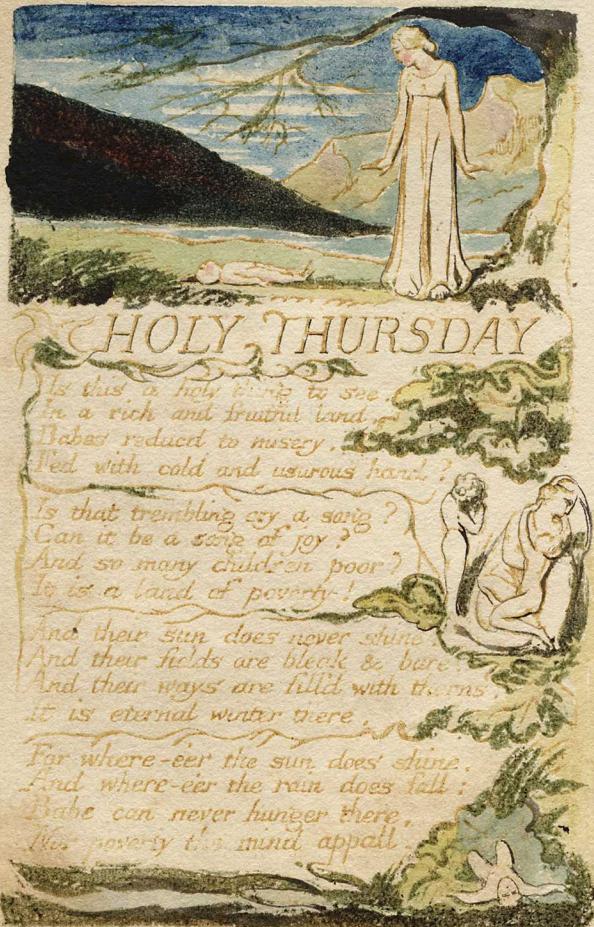
Ah Sun-flower! weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the Sun:
Seeking after that sweet golden clime
Where the travellers journey is done.

Where the Youth pined away with desire,
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow:
Arise from their graves and aspire,
Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.



THE LILLY

The modest Rose puts forth a thorn:
The humble Sheep, a threatening horn:
While the Lilly white shall in Love delight,
Nor a thorn nor a threat stain her beauty bright.





Blake, William

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